



Spring 1985

The Lantern Vol. 51, No. 2, Spring 1985

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Ursinus College

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the Lantern



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Vol. LI, No. 2

Spring 1985

A collection of poetry, prose, photography, and artwork composed for the Spring Term, 1985, by the students of Ursinus College.

THE LANTERN, the literary magazine of Ursinus College, symbolizes the light shed by creative work. It is named after the structure on Pfahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a lantern.

Electric Pink

whine -
 highmetallic
counter
 melody
strikechord!
waver
 sharpendefine
intervals
 changingrollingsurging
shriek!
guitar sing -
 lowharsh
grate
 unnerve
sync
 cutthroughothersound
carry
 vibration
 resoundingdeep
pure!
slide -
 climb
shiver
 crystal
 SOUND-
electricpink

Beth A. Long

Editorial

"Ursinus College is the East Coast's best kept secret." There is a great deal of truth behind this slogan found in one of last semester's Grizzly issues. While many folks may not be aware of our friendly, green-wooded, liberal arts campus, Ursinus is known by anybody familiar with competitive small colleges throughout the country. We have a reputation for, among other thing, high academic standards, personal attention from professors who care, and progress. The latter is extremely important to note in that it emphasizes constant growth and improvement in the college. Our academic community is lively in all respects.

One example of Ursinus' progress is its literary magazine: **The Lantern**. The '84 - '85 Fall issue was drawn from a record number of contributions. As a result, the competitiveness of the magazine was greatly increased. I am pleased to announce another record breaker: 163 contributions. This issue was the most difficult to collate because of the quantity of quality. The staff was forced to reject many excellent pieces. The authors with pieces accepted should be proud of their accomplishment. Congratulations!


Another sign of progress this semester is the addition of our poetry contest. All poetry submitted was automatically included in the contest. The judges- Professor Lloyd Jones, Dr. Patricia Schroeder, and I -had difficulty choosing the best among the submissions. We looked specifically for creative use of poetic devices to mirror sounds. Thanks and congratulations go out to Beth Long for her poem titled "Electric Pink": the frontispiece of this issue.

Only one word describes my experience as editor this year: Fantastic! In just two semesters I have seen progress in many areas including the quality of the staff. Nothing can be accomplished without a strong staff; thanks Lanternites! On behalf of the staff, we are glad to be a part of the Ursinus tradition of progress which will continue next year under the editorship of Sara Seese.

Enjoy your magazine!

Jerome F. Frasier III
Editor-in-Chief

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*In the spring
Someday, I'll fly
A kite
For you
On Christmas lights
Strung out
Across the
Sky,
Like stars.
But when I
Haul it in,
Will I really
Be gathering
Up
The stars,
Or will
You
Unplug
Them?*

Jennifer Healy

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Derby Day

*Twin spires strike dark against the sky,
the countenance of a tradition -
strong and enduring.*

*The sun's rays stream gold between
the long shadows of day's end,
radiant shimmers of glories won.*

*Gay colors litter the ground,
scattered remnants of the excitement
that had hung in the air.*

*A red rose lies atop the soft brown earth,
a trace of the beauty;
a symbol of the triumph.*

*And in the quiet
the sun gently touches down to earth,
for a moment - time suspended.*

*Electricity sizzles
through the air,
faces pour
into the stands,
the crowd roars,
hooves thunder,
mud flies,
silks flash,
one separate from the rest.*

*For a moment, it happens again,
in those final seconds of Derby Day
at Churchill Downs.*

BM Cosh



CONVERSATION

Winter came and went and came again.
A wild, gray, windswept day of March,
And a young man rambles along the Brandywine River.
Hands jammed in pockets he stops, surveys
The stream: deep-flowing, rushing over stone, eternal.
Still-brown hills rise from placid river meads
And naked woods are cast against the leaden sky.
Each bud waits for warmth to nourish it,
set is free.

(The young man)

Will the spring never come to my soul?
Has no one an answer for me
As spring has for the buds?
Ah, River Brandywine, maybe you have an answer.
Even your name connotes great wisdom 'neath quietude.

(The River Brandywine)

The buds do not die when spring comes late,
And so must I wait till my springs in the
Mountains round each bend, searching.
Until each ripple flounders in a stillness
And rushes every dam and my branches are joined.
Finally, the Delaware. The search ends.
Our courses unite.

Eric Chandler Wilson

SEASONS OF SONNETS

Summer Storm

The clouds, grey-cloaked outriders of the sun,
The crackling thunder, and the lightning flash,
And close, hot, heavy air announce the clash
'Twixt earth and sky which never shall be won.
Though both exhaust themselves, they'll not subdue
Each other, nor concede defeat. The sky
Hurls javelins of rain upon the dry
And browning earth; the raindrops pass on through
To settle deep within the greening troughs,
To water every plant, to wash the trees
Which else in summer's dust would choke and cough,
To race in myriad droplets to the seas.
With final thunderclap the last cloud laughs,
Its farewell heard by only earth and me.

October's Wedding

The clouds lie thin and white across the sky,
A filmy streak that hides the earth's brown face
From heaven's bright and penetrating eye,
A bridal veil that decks this child of space
For autumn nuptials and glad revelry.
The trees stand each in their appointed place
In bright hues clad, and full of gaiety,
These bridesmaids drop their leaves, a rain of rice
Upon the fields; promise fertility
In spite of winter's threat of cold and ice.
As Earth, shy maiden, Nature's favored child,
Waits for her groom to come with Orion's rise,
A farmer stands alone out in his field;
His crops are ripe; this fall, a bounteous yield.

Winter's Thaw

The snow fell softly yesterday, and lay
Upon the ground. A tractor passes by,
Chains clanking on the road which is not dry
And yet not wet either. It seems today
That the snow fled because it dared not stay
To meet tomorrow's sun. A snowman's head
Has rolled across the yard: the snowman's dead.
It drips its icy water through the grey
And gloomy air above the mud-brown earth.
An inch of mud above a core of frost
Bears squishy witness to the too-dear cost
Of springtime's thaw in midst of winter's dearth.
Down in the park, the last snowballs are hurled.
The brown snow-angels soon consume the world.

A Glimpse of Spring

The greenest mosses grow on a creek bank
Full sheltered by the tallest of the trees
Of any wood. A young child's clear gaze sees
As far and farther than where the sun sank
Beyond the marching hills set rank on rank.
When as a girl, I walked beside the stream
(Whose rippling waters oft I've seen in dreams),
And smelled fresh earth, and heard the hum of bees,
How white the dogwoods were, when in the spring
the cross's sign they opened to the sky,
How soft I trod the ground! But now I sigh
To think how often memory will bring
To mind sensations of a time gone by.
Comparisons are grey; and so I cry.

Sally Stricker

Come and laugh!
voices crying far away-
The sun burns through the night
Have you seen the day?

Hear the song of the stars...
dark world-
The rain falls onto the walks
Have you ever heard the message?

Now
Colors gone-
Just black and white.
Glorious stars!
Cosmic design!
Intricate patterns flow one to another.

still and cool...
crystal clear...
crystal sharp...
tingle in my skin

Feel...

Feel small.
Feel insignificance.

Names are meaningless.
Meaning is nameless.
All is.
All will be-

Endless time
Neverending infinite space
Everlasting...

Beauty.

Beth A. Long

*Due to our misprint in the Fall issue,
this poem has been reprinted.
-Editor*

Long After Killing Us

It hurts me most
In the tender section
Toward the back of my brain.

It pains me most
At the joining point
Of flesh to bone
In the sole of my foot.

I can not lose the gnawing pain of loss.
All my poems and no one to read them,
All my quiet records and candle light
With no one to share.

Time has passed and distance
Forces full realization of change.
I do not regret an action
Done in the realm of love.

The time spent in reacquaintance
Provides me a chance
To know myself again
And establish a more constant happiness.

Trees are swaying in the wind.
They yield to forces beyond their control.
They maintain identity
Thru unpredictable changing conditions.

Timothy S. Weible

Haunting Memory

*When my heart is so full of the love for one,
why do I still feel the heart's tug of another?*

*When tomorrow's dreams are finally coming true today,
why do my thoughts turn to yesterday?*

*Why can't I let go of my first love
when all it brought was pain?*

*Why does his memory still haunt me?
Why won't it fade away?*

*Why do I torture myself over a childhood love
that already died once because it could not
survive the reality of the adult world?*

*Am I a romantic?
Am I obsessed?
Am I in love?*

*No. It's not love---not true love. Not the kind
of love that takes the good with the bad, the kind
that can survive the rough times and grows stronger
from the pain---the kind of love that I feel for the
one in my heart today!--*

*Then, why does his memory still haunt me?
Why won't it fade away?*

N.A.T.

Looking into your eyes
I see that my anger is a mere posture
Adopted for effect
your infinite patience
In the face of much more
shames me
makes me empty
Inadequate
Can I survive
minus contempt to push me
Without defense
will I be like you?
strong
slightly sad
Or will I be destroyed?
If I only had the nerve to find out

A.M. Salas

Sacrifice

*I'm sure, my dear, you'll understand
When I release your loving hand,
And step forward without you there,
It does not mean I do not care.*

*You know, when I break the embrace,
I'll long so much to see you face,
But something stirs inside my heart
Telling me there's a missing part.*

*A part of life, for me alone,
On the path my dreams have shown,
And, 'though it takes me far from here,
You are still the one I hold dear.*

*My heart is torn between the two,
But this is something I must do.
This sacrifice is hard to make,
Yet this is a road I must take.*

*This is why I'm traveling on,
Before my biggest dream is gone.
Someday I may regasp your hand.
I hope, 'til then, you'll understand.*

D. Grace Fries

Is this positive enough?

**When the noise is over
and the games have been played out
remember that I was here
before the orchestra
even began to warm up
I'll still prefer silence
and your quiet presence.**

A.M. Salas

Desperate arms reach out
And embrace the empty air
As tears fall from a river
In the mountains
To form a lake
In the valley of despair.
Mourning not only for
The everything that isn't,
But for the
Nothing that was,
Which has been lost
Somewhere in time.
Stolen perhaps
By a freedom much too strong
Borne by a pain
Too great to feel anymore
Except in the loneliness
Of someone else's soul.

Jennifer Healy

My Teddy Bear

*There you are with your pink fuzzy ears
And your plastic eyes that seem to see.
You've been my own special friend for years,
With your arms outstretched to say "love me!"*

*Your furry arms always open wide,
Merely asking for a little hug.
You sit there with your own special pride.
'Though battered and torn, you look so snug.*

*In a dream, I reach for you again
To hold the one who'll always care.
The fur is replaced by blond hair then,
And I realize **you're** my teddy bear.*

D. Grace Fries

A GENTLEMAN OF TEN

I knew him for a gentlemen
By signs that never fail;
His coat as rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale.
A lad who had his way to make
With little time for play.
I knew him for a gentleman,
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street,
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there,
Until I heard him rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He stooped to pick it up for me
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along,
His voice is gently pitched.
He does not fling his books about-
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass,
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself.
He serves you if he can.
For in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Susan M. Rielly

Hartman Center

In the proper time and place
With the right kind of people
One can touch frail love
And bathe in its richness.

This love, unhindered and alive,
Washed into our lives,
Filled us on its truth;
A truth beyond explaining.

I have felt this truth,
I will never be empty again;
And I will never be
Without the love of children.

Timothy S. Weible

yesterday's child

*they cried and were forgotten
another sun rose
to meet an incompetent sky
lived on
in the jeopardy of the past
not permitting a future
untitled
unclaimed
as the dusty saxophone
in pawn shop windows*

Robert F. Kozel

Love starved child
Quest for maturity
Cherish what you've been given
Don't beg for tomorrow
Lost child
With uneasy eyes
Pitifully looking for the comfort
 of a breast
The rhythmic echo of life
 in the womb
Place your palm upon your nipple
 and be comforted
Close your eyes
And find strength and pride
 within yourself
Then look for your destiny
Remember
Everything you do
Will forever be a part of you

Robert F. Kozel

Mors Pueris

*How suddenly you were taken
In the midst of your healthy youth,
Loving, innocent, and happy
Filling those around you with joy.
You were almost fourteen in that spring season.*

*How unprepared we were.
Waking in the midst of the night, we cry-
Why was such a life taken?
There is no justification, there is no reason.*

*You were my dear brother
Which nothing can replace.
Part of me died with you.
There is an emptiness in all who knew you,
And a blankness in my face.*

*Though I am older
And your friends are young adults,
You have not changed in my memories.
You will live on in me forever.
You will always be my young, sweet brother.*

Jaded Lioness

Momentary Reflections

Looking down that endless, winding extension
I know the path has always been there and been traveled often,
Yet the road always appears different to these senses.
Everything is the same, but oh so different.
Has time really made these changes?

Parents are always at home in the same old town,
But I never seem to be there anymore.
And even when I do use the rusty keys or knock
On the side door, I'm greeted in a different way.
Yes time has passed and it has made changes.

The rounded pebbles in the stream have felt the same effects.
Water never ceases to flow over them in constant action,
Yet a quick glance of the scene would produce stagnation.
What kind of omnipotent presence can deceive us this way?
Only time which passes against a hardened will.

What kind of hope is there for our children
If they know their lives are controlled and restricted?
The secret is to make sure that the powers of time
Are held hidden, until the unsuspecting lads are old enough
Themselves to learn and know time's manipulative manner.

Most of us find out before we have a chance to live.

Joseph F. Pirro

Children Sleeping

*As quiet as
 children sleeping ...
sweet, sweet children
soft, ivory skin
tender, fragile children
tender, fragile moment
sweet, sweet children
fine, priceless faces
porcelain
innocence
so small
such love ...
as
sweet, sweet children
silken, smooth hair
precious child
beauteous children
sleep
soundless breath
silent dream
hush ...
as quiet,
 as soft,
 as ...
children sleeping*

Beth A. Long

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

The bright lights beamed down from their perch high above the floor and the loud echoes of a basketball caromming off the glass backboard blended with the single person in the gym. Not used to accommodating just one person, the adjustments of lights and echoes underscored the special air of loneliness surrounding the young boy practicing alone at one end of the court.

The boy, 6'3" tall, was sweating profusely. His shirtless torso revealed a skinny, seemingly frail body. His skin was drawn tight against his rib cage and stomach. His veins protruded from his arms as if pumped with air. His ragged shorts hung loosely from his waist and his socks flopped up and down in direct proportion to his jump. Short, brown hair stuck to his head in wet, sticky patches and his wide, brown eyes concentrated intently on their target. His face was handsome---boyishly innocent, yet anxious, with a hint of flame protruding from the furnace of desire that burned behind his eyes.

As the sun lowered from sight and all that could be seen from the windows were a few twinkles and an eternity of black, the clock on the wall of the gym struck seven. It reached that point with an annoying, dull buzz that occurs every hour on the hour, but is rarely heard unless one is alone in a gym, corridor, or classroom.

The young man's pace is quick and unrelenting as if he is afraid to stop. As he comes into focus, one might notice that he is muttering to himself between each text book jumpshot. Initially, one might consider this odd until what he is saying is heard.

"C'mon, concentrate, CONcentrate!...Keep your elbow straight," he says releasing the ball at the tail end of the phrase.

Before the shot drops through the metal cylinder making the familiar sound of backspin against nylon cord, the boy prophesizes the outcome with a humble, "Swish!....11 for 11,...4 more. C'mon....Bingo," he says as his prophecy comes true again.

A few minutes later, only his totals had grown. The form was the same, the result the same.

"24-24, this is it...Swish...Damn it," he exclaimed, quickly looking around to see if anybody had heard his uncharacteristic burst. Somebody had. In the doorway stood a lady dressed in tight jeans and a yellow sweater that did wonders for her 45-ish figure. She was also wearing a....and that is when her somewhat deep voice interrupted his appraisal.

"You've been here for five hours, son you're coming home for dinner now," said Mrs. Moore, Bill Moore's mother.

"But, Ma," responded the boy, somewhat timidly, almost afraid to raise his voice, "if I don't keep working, I'll never be the best."

"And if I don't feed you, William Moore, I'll be in big trouble as a mom," she retorted.

"Yes, ma'am," Bill responded. "I have some research to do for an upcoming term paper, anyway....And isn't...there a....church meeting tonight?" And with that he turned and trotted to catch his mother already exiting from the building.

Crystal City, Illinois is your basic Midwestern town. It has a population of about 18,000, with the majority of the workers employed by the huge St. Louis Plate Glass Company located in the Crystal Heights section of town. The Moore's house, however, was located in a section of town referred to in the "Land of Lincoln" as the village. It is a one square mile area that contains the town itself in the center and the houses of the town's prominent and wealthy on the outskirts. It was a city within a city isolated by a green wall and as vastly different from the low class dwellings as night and day. William Moore, Sr. was an affluent member of this inner-community. As President of the First National Bank of Crystal City, he was highly respected and well-paid.

The Moores lived on Oak Street, the most prominent area in town and a street, ironically, lined with majestic elms spaced between street lamps which appeared every 200 feet or so.

After coming down Main Street, the main drag in town, all prim and proper, with little shops and the State Luncheonette/Diner lining the spotless and uncracked sidewalks, a right turn onto Oak Street Would bring you to the Moore's house, the fifth on the left. The house is a white Tudor with an immaculately landscaped front lawn and a huge picture window that stares, like a large eye, day and night at the angelic beauty of the First Presbyterian Church of Crystal City. The Church was a sight to behold, all red bricked and vine covered, with a painted green lawn that carried the Sunday afternoon football games for the neighborhood boys. To those who knew the Moores well, the standing joke was that when God smiled on the Sunday faithful, He always made sure He dropped a few "rays" across the street.

Inside, this supposition appeared to be true. Mr. Moore slumped into his easy chair after a long, hard day at the Bank. "Is that boy out practicing still?" he thought as a sharp pain struck in his head as he moved his transfixed eyes to the large, walnut Grandfather clock and continued to look at it, or rather through it for seven deep gongs. He was remembering the days, some 30 years ago, when he was a coin polisher for the same bank. After work, he would take his earnings and wait on the bread line for hours, to bring food home to his fatherless family. Now smiling, he realizes headaches are not as bad as hunger pangs. "Awakened" by the seventh gong, Mr. Moore grabbed the remote control and turned on the news, as was his custom, only to fall asleep somewhere between the sports and weather segments.

It was at this point that the doorbell rudely awakened the sleeping banker and beckoned him toward the front door. Grabbing the arms of the chair for leverage, Mr. Moore pushed his pot-bellied 6'2" frame out of the chair while mumbling something to the effect that "nobody else in this goddamn house ever answers the door," etc.

Still grumbling, Mr. Moore gripped the brass handle and slowly turned it clockwise, feeling the beginnings of arthritic pain creep through his fingers and into his forearm. As he pulled the door back until it rubbed against his right shoulder, Mr. Moore's eyes fixed upon the stranger in the doorway.

Before Mr. Moore stood a man impeccably dressed in a gray pinstriped suit, carrying a briefcase and a large manila envelope. His face was kind and his eyes gleamed from under his wireframed glasses. But it wasn't a genuine glow or a unique kindness -- it had been used before and was losing its appeal -- like the turkey sandwiches and cranberry sauce a week after Thanksgiving.

"Hello, Mr. Moore. My name is Gene Bartow. I'm from U.A.B." said the stranger. "Yes, I know. I'm glad we've finally met. I watched you on T.V. You beat Kentucky last year in the NCAA's. It was a good game....I really enjoyed it."

"So did I, sir. It was a good win....May I come in?"

"Yes, oh yes....please excuse me," said Mr. Moore stepping quickly out of the way and allowing the stranger to enter.

He was taller than he seemed as he stepped through the doorway -- stronger, too.

"Please be seated....make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Moore guiding the stranger to the most comfortable chair in the living room. He had become an expert at handling these recruiters. He knew to make them comfortable, to feel at home so that, he thought, they might be more interested in his son.

"Thank you, sir," said Bartow as he sat down, slowly experimenting with the chair as he does in every living room or high school coach's office that he visits.

The two men began to talk -- man talk. Mr. Moore knew the questions to ask and how to ask them -- he would have been the envy of every lawyer in the Crystal City courthouse -- and he knew what answers he wanted to hear. Then and only then, after a vigorous screening, were any college coaches allowed to speak to Bill.

It was at that point that Bill entered the room, ducking unconsciously through the low doorway from the study. He was tired and had apparently been studying for many hours.

"Hi, Mr. Bartow -- how ya' doin'?"

"Fine, Bill, fine -- and how are you?"

"Oh, O.K., I guess -- just a little worried about my exam tomorrow."

"Don't worry, son. You'll do fine," said Bartow, pausing for a second, wondering if he had said the right thing. "So, let's get down to business. If you've made your decision, I have all the necessary papers right here."

"Yes, I have, Mr. Bartow. I've decided to attend U.A.B. this fall and I'd love to be a part of the program," said Bill as looks of relief befell both men.

"Boy, am I glad to hear that," said Bartow as a genuine gleam came to his eyes. "We were afraid we were going to lose you when U. of I. entered the race. You made the right decision, Bill."

After coffee and cake in the kitchen, Mr. Bartow made his exit saying "keep in touch, Bill, keep working, and I'll see you in the fall. I hope you have a good summer."

"Thanks, you, too....Coach."

Running through Memorial Park, his shoulders aching due to the continuous rubbing from the weight vest, he is wearing, Bill is noticing the subtle changes in environment and temperature that hint to the onset of fall and his first semester at U.A.B.

As the time for departure grew closer, Bill was at the peak of his game physically. Socially, he was all packed and self-assured. Mentally, however, he was a wreck. He was worried and uncomfortable; he had never been away from home before.

Running around and around, underneath the overhang of large maples that line the track and behind the pumphouse, with its paint cracked and peeling, Bill is thinking about his upcoming journey. Birmingham, Alabama is a far cry from the Village. There probably isn't even a park as good as Memorial's. The

thought of leaving, of breaking the wall of security, haunted Bill for the last few weeks before he was scheduled to leave. While most guys his age were dying to leave and "experience life," Bill, on the other hand, was quite afraid and would much rather remain at home. Playing ball in the gym, running in the park -- that was his home -- his environment -- his security.

During the last month of summer, Bill had serious doubts. No less than five times did he sit down to cancel his admission to U.A.B. stopped only by fear of his father's disappointment and his own fear of losing his dream. Ever since he was little, all he could remember was watching the NCAA championship and telling his mother that he would be a part of one someday. "Of course you will, dear," said his mother handing Bill a cookie and pushing his hair from his eyes. Ever since then, he played ball every day -- dreaming of the day when he would play college basketball.

Watching him sit on his bed, you couldn't tell there was a war going on inside Bill's head. It was a classic confrontation of dream versus reality, of fear versus courage. It was an adolescent's struggle with first his major decision and one he did not want to regret.

Bill stumbled down the stairs in a lazy fashion, quite uncharacteristic of his usually strait-backed descent. At the bottom of the stairs he hung a left and headed for the door.

At the same time, he was mulling over how he would tell his father of his fear. Deep down, he wanted to cry, to be held, and to let it all out. Externally, he knew he must maintain his emotionless facade. As Bill approached the largest chair in the room, the snores rising from it told him that this wasn't the time. His father is always very grouchy when he is roused from his nap. Thus, Bill proceeded past his slumbering father and went into the kitchen. After polishing the apple he neatly grabbed, Bill shyly said to his mother, "What would you say if I didn't go to college? Or at least not to U.A.B.?"

The casserole that had occupied her attention during the question, suddenly lost its appeal. She stared out the window, as if the answer was printed on the garage standing to the right of the paved basketball court. "Well, Bill I don't know. I mean you took me by surprise. I just feel, and I'm sure your father does too, that you have sacrificed a lot and it would be a shame to see you waste your dream," she said, seemingly proud that she had said something worthwhile. Confident now, she decided to continue. "You Know, Bill, we are very proud of you and nothing you could do would make us ashamed of you. Don't lose your dream just because of a little fear. Fight it, son. Fight it," now she was on a roll but, at the same time, she decided to quit while ahead, "we'll always be here for you."

"Well, I just don't know what to do," he said. Outside he gave his mother a quizzical look but inside he had made up his mind. He was going to follow his dream --- scared or not.

The last few days were rough. Joanne, Bill's girlfriend all through high school, had decided, at the last minute, to stay home because her father contracted a serious illness. The tears that welled did their best to hide the radiance of her blue eyes as she told Bill she would be attending U. of I. in the fall. As he looked at her shiny brown hair, Bill did his best to conceal his setback. He had placed all his fears into her hands when he had asked her two weeks ago to attend with him. Now Bill knew why the two weeks went so fast. He wasn't afraid with Joanne around. But, once again, Bill was out on his own. Damn, Damn, Damn, he thought as he fought back the onslaught of fears that Joanne had so easily locked away.

"Sunday, September 3rd, D-Day," thought Bill as he got up that morning. Coincidence or not, as the Sunday worshipers entered the Presbyterian Church, no burst of sunlight broke the overcast skies and descended upon the Moore's house. Even the smell of pancakes and bacon, Bill's favorite breakfast, that slowly arose from the kitchen could not arouse him this morning. As he combed his brown locks, it was all he could do to keep from staring at the bus ticket to Birmingham, Alabama.

Bill stumbled over his packed bags and down the stairs only to sit in the same stupor at the kitchen table.

"C'mon, son, wake up. Today's your big day," said his father looking up from his paper and over his bifocals.

"I know, Dad, I know. Just got the jitters, that's all," said Bill, trying to conceal his now mounting fear.

"Here's your breakfast, son, just the way you like it," said Bill's mom, waiting to see a look of appreciation.

Smiling weakly, Bill said, "Thanks, mom. Looks terrific."

Bill started eating, slowly giving in to his favorite meal and starting for the first time in months to loosen up and feel more at ease about leaving, only to be stopped in mid-meal by the rude doorbell.

Feeling better, Bill acknowledged that he would answer the door. He bounded through the hallway wondering who it could be at this time Sunday morning.

It was somebody he should have expected, but didn't. He pulled back the door, stepping away at the same time to open it all the way.

Before Bill was a beautiful young lady of 18, wearing what appeared to be her Sunday best --- a yellow dress and a flower in her hair. She caught Bill by surprise --- both physically, as his jaw dropped, and emotionally, as his confidence drained from him as if it was siphoned directly from his heart.

"You didn't expect to leave without seeing me did you," said Joanne. Bill just stared and strained, finally closing his eyes to try to keep from losing all control.

"I just had to say good-bye, Bill. I'm going to miss you," she said.

"I'll miss you too, very much," formed in Bill's mind but died at his vocal cords. He tried again and this time made it -- just barely, "I'll miss you too, very much." Slowly remembering how to speak, Bill continued. "I really will miss you a lot. Please write....often. I'll need to hear from you and...." *BEEP-BEEP*. A car pulled up to the curb. A lady rolled down the window and beckoned Joanne to the car.

"I've got to go," she said in a hurried tone. "I'll write." She paused for a second to make sure of what she was going to say next. "I'll miss you, Bill Moore. Good luck and knock 'em dead." With that, she turned and bounced down the stairs and into the car. She waved and Bill did the best he could to raise his now 30 lb. arm. Five minutes later, he turned and entered the house.

One hour later, after Bill had managed to stop his mother from crying and reached out a hand to his father -- only to be pulled into a hug -- Bill boarded the Trailways Bus with Birmingham on the sign in the front, amidst a volley of "Take care, eat well, don't forget to call once in awhile" and lastly, "I love you, darling - take care."

The bus itself was cramped, and the majority of the unfriendly faces were staring at Bill's gangly, now 6'5" body. The seat was especially uncomfortable. Bill made the best of it, positioning himself to look out the window.

Throughout the trip, he stared out the window, following the journey through the Illinois plains, into Kentucky that, ironically to Bill, doesn't have blue grass, and through the endless cotton fields into Birmingham.

Bill got off the bus and looked around downtown Birmingham for the player who was supposed to pick him up and escort him back to the university. A hand reached from behind and turned Bill around. "You Bill Moore?" said a man of about 6'7" who appeared to have muscles on his muscles.

"Yes,....yes, I am," said Bill.

"How ya' doin'? My name's Bobby Lee," said the man. "I'm a sophomore and I'll be your roommate."

"Please to meet you," said Bill, his midwestern accent becoming readily noticeable in the South.

Bobby Lee picked up all three bags in one hand and carried them to his car. They chatted all the way on the twenty minute ride back to the college. Bobby Lee was funny; he reminded Bill of Tom Morgan from Crystal City. Tom was a good friend and very funny guy. Bobby Lee was just as funny and very friendly. Bill couldn't remember laughing and smiling this much in a long time. Too long...

Bill made his way up to his room and then decided to go for a run to work out the kinks that the bus ride had constructed.

Trotting out of the building, swinging his arms across his chest to loosen up, Bill breathed in the fresh Alabama air. He turned left and headed for a park Bobby Lee had directed him to. After two laps, Bill had to stop and look around. The track seemed to be very familiar. Large maples hung overhead and a pumphouse was located in one corner. It was as if Memorial had been transported to Alabama.

After running, Bill headed for the gym. It was a huge building, with a capacity to seat 12,000 people for basketball games. He bounced his ball several times as he crossed the floor and approached the basket at the north end of the stadium. He bounced the ball one more time and upon catching it, he simultaneously leaped into the air -- cocking the ball back as he rose. At the apex of his jump, Bill released the ball. As he descended he followed the back-spun flight of the ball. He returned to the ground as the shot fell through, with ample room on all sides. A broad, pleasing smile emerged on Bill's face as he ran to retrieve the ball.

Minutes later, Bill had become so caught up in playing that he had begun to go through his normal routine. After each shot, his confidence rose -- his sharpness, his alertness -- all becoming finely tuned in to his new environment.

A few moments later, the scene was familiar. A young man --- no longer a boy --- in the middle of a lonely gym practicing --- relentlessly. Striving and straining with each shot he releases. Yet on the outside, the face is expressionless.

"24-24, one more, c'mon," says Bill leveraging his feet for what he hopes is the last time today. "Swish," he prophesies. "Damn it" he yells, grimacing as the ball hits the back of the rim and bounces out.

"I'll settle for 24-25, Bill," said a familiar voice that Bill knew belonged to Gene Bartow. "Not a bad performance," he continued.

Bill spun around to see his new coach sitting with his legs crossed in a seat about 40 rows up.

"It's not good enough for me," said Bill disappointed at not being perfect rather than pleased with the coach's remark.

"Well, you can't go on now, son" said the coach. "I've got some things I'd like to discuss with you. Then I've made reservations to take you and Bobby Lee out to dinner. It's my way of welcoming you to U.A.B."

Bill smiled as he watched Bartow descend from the stands to the court. He turned and started walking away from Bill and shouted back over his shoulder, "Let's go."

With that, Bill trotted after him, flipping the ball over his shoulder and not turning back -- confident in the fact that it would fall straight through.

Michael Marcon



*I sleep and dream, drink and hallucinate
but truth is illusory and reality is transient
Please believe me — I'm real and want you to hold me
but I'm afraid I'll disappear, that your embrace
will be like death's and I will drown. Thus,
onward I exist. Dreaming and drinking and wishing,
in an alcoholic stupor, with a dream-fogged mind.
Please touch — no don't
My only reality is that none exists.
Heart beating hollowly, I grab your hand
and slide beneath the placid water.
No, no--that is illusion
I stand alone and dry
Hopelessly watching your retreating back.
I fear this might be real.*

A.M. Salas

Tortured by temptation
A fiery blaze
Demons' delights
Disguised with angels' eyes
Luring the uncautious
With promiscuity
Lending her tongue
To passionate vowels
And slippery consonants
Folding to ego
A pretending submissive
The arcing of her neck
A succulent curve
Inhaling my resistance
Through tantalizing lips
Her fingers ease down
Display for me more
And guide me within
Flooding with pleasure
Pressure
Easing for a moment
On my back - neck - and skull
Then tensing my stomach
Extending as far
Numbing my brain
Then setting it aflame
Burning down my spine
And surging through time
At that tenderest moment
I am never more alive
My heart flying rapid
Life pouring through me
Clutching her close
Feeling Forever

Robert F. Kozel

I Set My Pleasures Adrift

I walked the dirt Dusk in I
The spring calmed but
The fall enraged my violet tipped hand
Bequeathed myself to jeopardy --- Trivial monogamy
Rasped is the seducer --- Me and my shades
Notted turmoil seeks shelter and has
And on my brow beats hammer or sword
Making my eyes feel --- Red
Violet lips drooping hearts' heavy weight
And I steam upon images of her
I sank my impiety Shared not blood but lust
And split a moral as often as I could
Til the split of a hair be all that's left to be
T'was a day when I soled peak to peak
And gazed down on some others
Until passion burned a sun
Melting the gold of my wings

Now I am "man" --- All of me

Robert F. Kozel

The Beer Can

The beer can
Sits on the roadside
Thrown out of a car.
Where has it been?
It made someone happy.
It made someone sad.
An illusion it created,
A fantasy it started,
The people who emptied it
Will they end where it ended?
Thrown to the roadside?

Allison Graf

Fragments of an Epic

As the sea-swells, surging strongly,
Roared and rumbled into shore,
I walked alone, wrestling my thoughts.
Silently I stared at the waves which washed
To the shore, then from the shore,

To the shore, then from the shore,
Retreating and returning, restlessly moving.

A spectre stalked me, shrouded and silent,
Behind my back. I turned not around,
For well I knew who walked with me.
Some called him Doubt, or Despair, or Dread;
They called his companions Darkness and Death.

The grim giant overtook me then
And I faced the foe, frightened and fearful.
I faced the foe, the double-minded one,
The Questioner, the Cynic, the Skeptic, Uncertain One.
As the waves washed over the sea-strand,
I stood alone and heard him speak.

"Show me your strength," said the shadow one.
"You are too young, too weak, too weary
To duel me, Doubt, for I am mighty.
To fight is futile, for fall you shall."

Yet stood I silent, greatly daring,
Unsheathed my sword, the Sword of the Spirit,
And Doubt the dreadful fell before it.
He cursed and cried out, "Retreat I must,
Return I will!" I hardly heeded
Like the battered beach, which strong withstood
The ceaseless sea's pounding surf.

As silent I stared at the sea-surge,
I heard (or haply, only thought I heard)
A voice reverberate through the sea-sounds.
The voice said, "Victory! You have won, warrior.
Doubt only assaults the weak, the weary,
The faint of heart, the frightened or fearful.
His questions quell them, cow them with ease,
But the strong he flees, fearing their valour.

Also, remember, warrior, remember the roar
Of the mighty sea and the steadfast shore.
I made them both, and I am the Lord. "

Sally Stricker

Actaeon

Out hunting
With dogs, bow at hand
I see through trees
A pool and a person
Bathing, Naked and beautiful

As I turn away,
Start backwards,
Not looking towards the pool,
I fall to my hands and knees
And

Bursting from my head
In painful growth
As a sapling wrenches through the earth
Are . . . antlers?

Hands change
As I watch
Fingers fuse together
And are coated by a hard substance
They become -- (I believe!) -- hooves!

And hair grows coarse and wooly,
Too dense and too warm
Itching unbearably under
Clothes that don't fit, that
Rip apart at the seams,
And hang fragments

The hounds scent (Me!)
Bay and give chase
To quarry they've scented
I flee, scampering, writhing,
As they follow
Their white teeth attach
Rip through my skin
Let dripping chunks of venison fall
And fasten onto my side again

I stumble,
Though I feel no pain
Blackness rushes in from
The sides of my vision
To overwhelm the centre . . .

And suddenly, through blackness
I glimpse (through trees!)
Light, and a person
Naked, Bathing and beautiful,
Beckoning.

e.m.

The old woman sat in her rocking chair on the porch
and no one noticed.

When the shades of death settled over the leathered face,
no one noticed.

When the brittle fingers gripped the worn arms of the
rocking chair, no one noticed.

When the tattered shawl fell silently to the ground,
no one noticed.

Just then the cries of a newborn echoed on the wind,
for One had noticed.

N.A.T.

She Sleeps

She lie there serenely
As her parents looked in.
They looked at their daughter
So bright and so young
The homecoming queen
With the prom key at her throat.
When the summers end had come,
She was to move from home,
To go to college,
To a new life -
To a bright new tomorrow
to fullfill her dreams.
Her new clothes,
In the closet hung,
Waiting to be packed.
She was so excited,
Just a few days ago
But now, that had all changed.
Her parents took one more tearfilled--look
At their sleeping daughter
Before the coffin is closed
On her life forever.

L.A.L.

Chicago

*Slam.
The last wall
Has closed you in
Trapped
In the middle
Of your own
Mind
Shadows are cast
In your eyes
A stark
Staunch
Man
Stands in
Your way
Pounding
Your wrists
Upon a
Knife
Until you
Bleed
The blood
of death.*

*A goddess
Appears
To comfort you
White satin
Garments
Are placed
On your body
She whispers
To you
Yet her
Voice is not
Heard
And her lips
Do not part
But you
Understand
She takes your
Hands
And kisses your
Wrists
And you bleed
The blood
Of life.*

Lisa Talarico

Death Light

A light burned bright above the patient's bed
As I pulled my chair up beside his head.
An ashen gray color shrouded his face,
His pulse slowed, and his respiration raced.

I took his wrist to time the weakened pulse
Thankful that he was too weak to convulse.
I wished he'd rest, but his eyes wouldn't close,
While every minute his temperature rose.

There was nothing to do but watch him die-
And try to ignore the fear in his eye-
To let him know he wasn't all alone
When God decided to take this man home.

The light that burned so late into the night
Did nothing to calm the patient's great fright.
Although I know that everyone must go,
Times like this, it happens painfully slow.

The light went out when they took him away
Only to burn again some other day,
When the blood retreats in another's veins,
And the skin turns jaundiced as the life drains.

D. Grace Fries

little man
malted by birth
cowers to the injustice of life
as the ghetto scum
corner him
taunted by switchblades
and cut by tongues
slowly crushed between his lungs

Robert F. Kozel

TEA WITH LOUISE

Why don't you get your own tea, Louise?

That's what I should've said.

Yeah. That was it.

Get off your fat ass and get it yourself!

Yeah. That was it.

Well, actually, I like to get away sometimes.

Let her watch TV by herself.

She sits out there.

I wait in here

For my blood--NO--the water

To boil.

I like this.

I get to really think about things in here.

I like this kitchen.

It's the perfect think tank.

Where am I really going?

Stuff like that,

That's what I like to think about.

I can't do it when Louise is there.

"What the hell you looking so thoughtful for,
Harry?" she says.

Man can't even think in his own

Wife's house.

Yeah, I'm thoughtful, Louise.

Thoughtful of how I'm going to-----

Yeah, that's it.

That's what I should've said.

"You thinking about how I can beat you up, Harry?"

She'd say.

Oh, shut up, you fat-----

Yeah, it bugs me, Louise.

See, I don't forget nothing.

I remember how you told your family

That you were the "muscle" of the house.

They all laughed.

You told your friends about my

Sexual problems

And my childhood.

I don't forget, Louise.

WHAT'S THAT, DEAR? IT'S ALMOST READY.

YOU'LL BE GETTING IT VERY SOON.

YES, DEAR.

You always talk about how
You never should've married me, Louise.
Yet this is the way you like it.
You wouldn't have it any other way.
You're the muscle, Louise.

I sometimes think about life without you, Louise.
You're not the only one.
I think about it right here, Louise,
Right in your kitchen.

I think of the time over your brother's
When you picked me up and threw me
Into the pool.
I almost drowned.
Your laughter was garbled
But I heard it.

This whole marriage has been one
Big laugh, eh, Louise?
All of the laughs have been yours
So far
Eh, Louise?
Like the way my love for you is always
Twisted and contorted
Into a balloon animal.
A toy for you to laugh at.

Why do you laugh, Louise?
I bare my soul to you
And cringe in my lonely nakedness
When you laugh.

Stop laughing, dammit!
STOP IT!
I hear you Louise, now stop it!
Please??
Stop it, dammit?

I've always know what to do
After I've done the rong thing.
Now, I know what to do-----**NOW!**

Yeah, that's it
Under the sink.
Yeah, that's it.

*WHAT'S THAT, DEAR? COMING UP, DEAR.
I'M FINISHING IT NOW.*

(LOUISE, Do you like one or two dashes of roach killer
in your tea?)

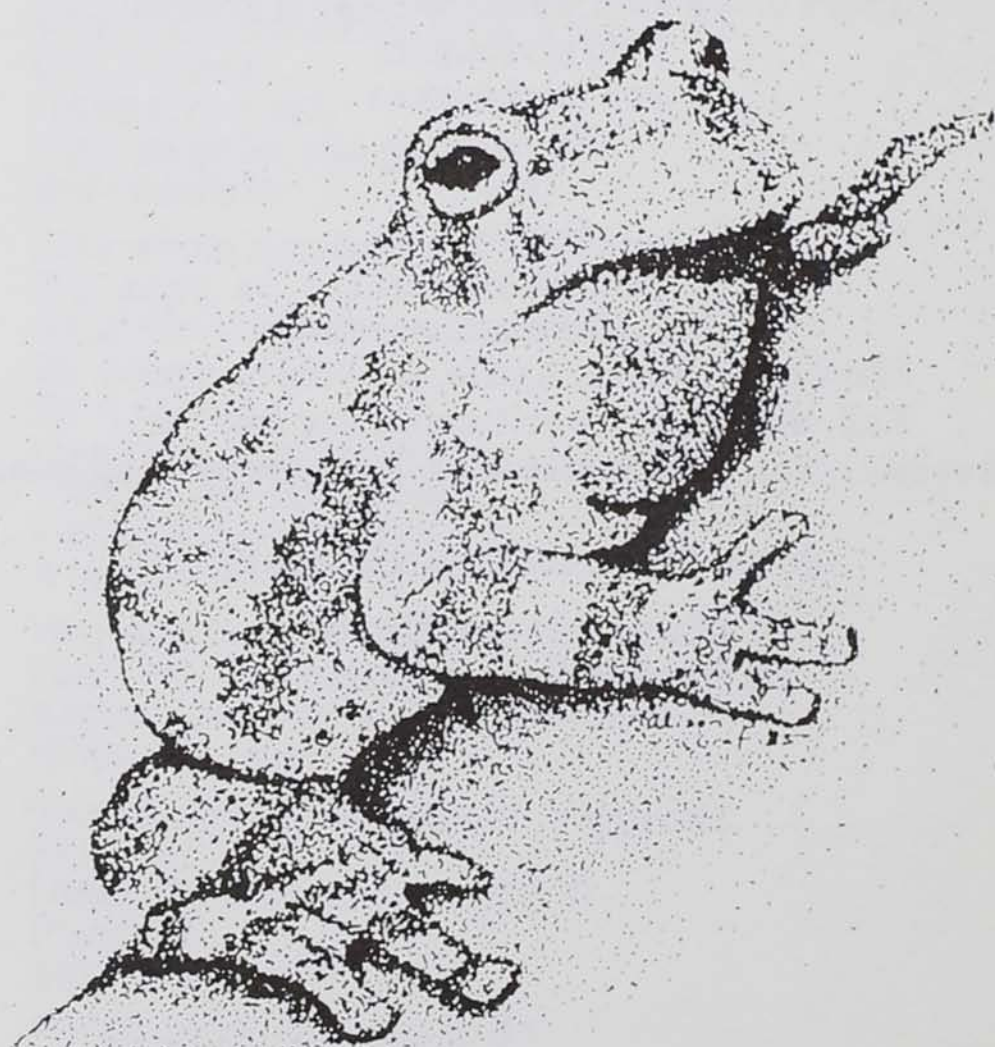
Bill Connolly

Balance

In the void, a dark closet of fear no one ever approached,
There took a seed whose courage in growth
I did investigate
The blackness to
Find not
One
But two
Beings; yet one
In their glorious intertwining
Show of existence. And lo, the void became
Full, threw out the self-sustaining fear that
Did substance it, to be replaced by light, warmth and love.

-So did I learn the true relationship
Of balance and the thin string
On which it does perform.

Timothy S. Weible



THE RIVERS

Go! trace th' unnumbered streams, o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide
Where pathless forest frown.

Some calmly roll in golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie!
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing land
With rich fertility.

There bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades they flow
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life
Through sunshine or through gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chiel, whose mighty deeds we hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale,
All journey on - to die!

But if thy guardian care, my god!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died, the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
the victory from the grave!

Susan M. Reilly

Chapel

A chapel of death

*Where we go
To vent our fears
To cry alone
To grasp for help
Knowing
The only hope
Comes
From within
Our own
Body and soul.*

A chapel of blood

*Where slippery
Red
Liquid
Oozes through
The doors
To form
A tide
Which cleanses
Every body
That swims
In it.*

A chapel of life

*Where the
Brilliant
Black light
Wounds
No eyes
And where
Peace
Lies resting
On a silken white
Cloth
In the middle
Of the
Universe.*

A chapel of tears

*Where
Only love
Provokes
The sweet
And bitter
Memories
Which
Haunt
Our mind
And cause us
To reel
Back in time.*

A chapel of love

*Where we
Will all be
One day
Enveloped
In pure
White
Light
Feeling
Tiny and awed
By its
Overwhelming
Power
Yet aware
That we stand
Together
In love
In life
And in death.*

Lisa Talarico

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray! - ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift thy heart and bend thy knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea-
Lift thy heart and bend thy knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the loyally slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see-
Lift thy heart and bend thy knee.

Susan M. Reilly

fatigue ...
heavy pulling down
sinking softly
quiet moan -
silent rhythm
breathing -
soft
 quiet
 slowly
 sinking
 eyelids
 closing
 blackness
 descends ...

sleep

Beth A. Long

Une Fille/Une Femme

J'ai su une fille qui était courte et blonde.
Elle était très heureuse avec son monde.
Sa vie bâtissait des rêves et des jeux.
Et elle travaillait seulement un peu.

Maintenant, je sais une femme, grande et blonde.
Elle est-très irrité avec son monde.
Elle n'a pas temps de jouer maintenant.
Au lieu, elle travaille toujours pour l'argent.

Je veux savoir cette courte fille du passé.
Elle avait une bonne vie quand elle jouait.
J'espère que la femme peut changer son monde.
Parce que je suis cette triste femme, grande et blonde.

Debra Ritter

A One-Way Mirror

I am a one-way mirror,
Reflecting the world I see,
Observing those who cross my path,
Without their observing me.

I am a one-way mirror,
Smooth and bright in the world's eyes.
Viewing me, they stare at themselves,
which they all fail to realize.

I am a one-way mirror
Letting no one inside much.
A friend to all on the surface,
But, sadly, cold to the touch.

D. Grace Fries

NONCONFORMITY

Nonconform i ty is a word
to some it sounds quite absurd.
If one does what others don't,
He will definitely stand out in

front.

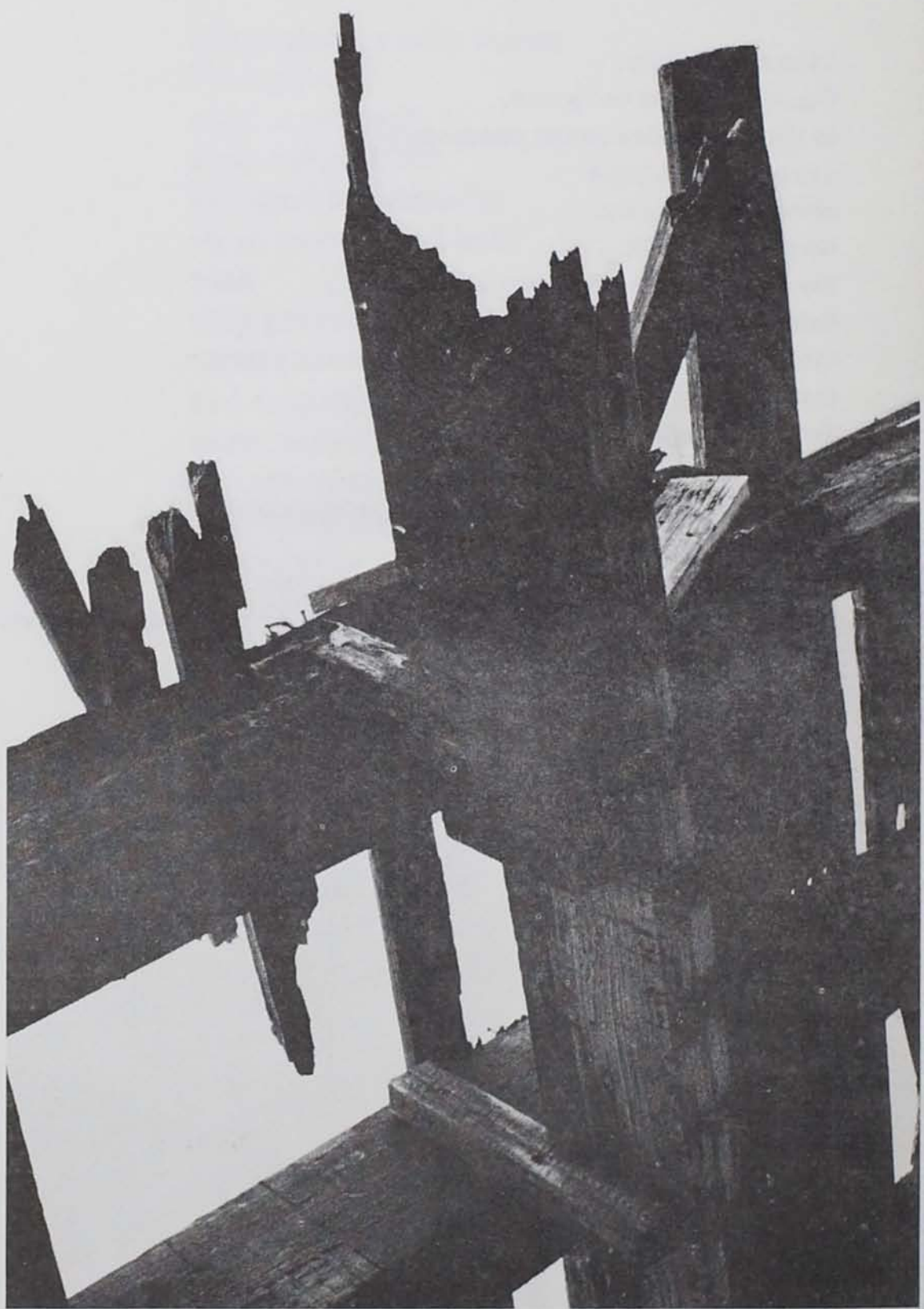
Walter S. Keehn

Principles are nifty things
letting you:
admire yourself
strut through life
a rugged individualist
on an uneven- but lofty
road
they get you:
admirers
and an occasional enemy
to majestically ignore
in your splenetic fury
they can warm you
temporarily
But when you embark upon
your highly principled journey
take a sweater and a heavy blanket
learn to talk to trees
Enjoy your solitude and pride
love your goodness and yourself
You're a cheering section of one
A.M. Salas

CADA NOCHE, LLORO

Cada noche, lloro;
Cuando venga la oscuridad,
es tiempo de boca arriba; pensando en ti,
y tu piel fría y blanca
como la nieve pura.
No puedo dormir;
Siempre pienso como Darío o Unamuno...
Estoy atrapado entre razón, fe y amor;
Cuando estábamos juntos, sentía tu pasión y calor.
Eras mi razón para vivir,
Pero, solamente quiero morir...
Por eso cada noche lloro;
Porque yo sé que siempre habrá algo separándonos;
Quiero romper esta fuerza.
Pero, no puedo porque esta fuerza es la realidad.
Por eso, cada noche lloro; siempre castigándome, siempre pensando en ti...

Walter S. Keehn



Reflections

*on an Empty House
Down the Street*

The lawn is overgrown
Choked with tall weeds
And dandelions gone to seed.

Inside, the walls are bare,
Stark white and dull.

No furniture fills the rooms,
No keepsakes line the mantel,
No curtains flank the windows.

Only the small dents,
Circles on the carpets,
Remain to prove
This building wasn't empty once.

Once, it was comfortable
Filled with laughter and tears,
With people and pets,
With children and friendship.

But now it stands
Mute testimony
To the impermanence of the present
And the rusting "For Sale" sign.
Beckons silently to the future.

e.m.

Evening Melancholy

*When pondering upon the past
I often find myself in a state of
Evening melancholy.*

*The most contemplative
Moments come to me in evening,
In the soft, quiet transformation of day to night.*

*Evening. I enjoy taking walks.
Spring and early summer are the
Best times for taking a walk.*

*One feels the day coming to a close.
The quiet light penetrates me
With feelings of relaxation and well-being.*

*I kiss the earth when moved,
And I am often moved.
I drink in the breeze.*

*A dull horizon pleases me as much
As one of a thousand splendid colors,
A rain as much as clear sky.*

*I experience most union with nature
When the frog speaks, the small beast
Who confirms the importance in life.*

*When a 'breep' sings thru the air,
Sound so much larger than its composer,
The whisper of my step*

*And the silence of my gaze
Dissolve all inner worry and fear,
Fill me with a fragile love of life.*

*When pondering upon the past
I am filled with a fragile love of life,
A calm evening melancholy.*

Timothy S. Welble

ABANDONED ROAD

*This old meandering country road
The British built in Seventeen-twenty,
Two hundred years passed over it till
It was deserted for a straighter route.*

*Grass and moss now hide the gravel.
Fallen logs, rabbit burrows, leaves of forty falls.
As if the land ne'er wished to be
A road at all but a part of the land.*

*I satisfy myself by thinking
I am all the road now has.
And, since I care, is recalled to me
The movement of two hundred years.*

*The British troops went down this way
To quell the Brandywine Patriots.
Hoofbeats mingle with spring night crickets:
Sandy Flash, the highwayman, returning to his cave.*

*And before that time kind Quaker folk
Watered their horses at Lady Run,
Struggled through the snowy eve
And watched the spring come in.*

*And later men went off to wars
And courtings, too, came down this road.
But with the dawn of modern life
[And due to its expediency]
This road did not suffice.*

*Now no one chances this way,
No guaranteed destination.
Yet here stand I this spring forenoon;
The essence of two hundred years.*

Eric Chandler Wilson

BIG BOY

Your small shining face, a beautiful cliché,
And your toothy smile, I know that can't stay.
You, like I have done, are getting older.
With each day your small heart getting bolder
You'll go to the world with bright ambition
In the lives of men such is tradition.

They'll pull on your tongue and get you to talk,
They'll twist your small legs to get you to walk,
They'll give you a pen and say you should write,
They'll show you a friend and then start a fight,
They'll hand you a flag then tell you to wave,
They'll give you a gun and dig you a grave.

I'd carry you shouldered if I could through life,
But you must go on with fear as your wife.
Hold onto your youth and innocent smile
Live your life slowly mile after mile
Your small shining face, a beautiful cliché,
Big boy, get your toy, and sit down, and play.

Stephan C. Pote

Baby Brothers

Beautiful blond hair
Surrounds their innocent faces
As yours must have been
When you were a baby.
Shining blue eyes,
So like your own
The only ones like them
In the world you once
Said.
Lacking only the sadness
Which shadows yours,
Theirs are clear with
Baby smiles,
Clouded only by
Baby tears
Soon wiped away
By your loving hand.
Your only real smiles
Coming from proudly
Talking of them
And your very real tears
Coming from something
No one understands
And even they can't
Wipe them away for you.

Jennifer Healy

METRO OSCURO

Día tras día viajamos en el metro, vamos.

Sabemos adonde. Pero, a veces no.

Vamos a lo desconocida a través del subterráneo.

Los rostros llenos del vacío, tristeza y desesperanza, por que sabemos.
pero,

algún día el metro para;

debajo del mundo, bajo la vida...

Las entradas y salidas se unen en un círculo;

pues la vida vuelve y continúa.

Vamos al fin;

nos regresamos a la realidad, y a los mendigos en las esquinas.

Me siento aquí, en mi despacho con las máquinas y teléfonos; pues, regreso.
día tras día...

Walter S. Keehn

Chuchoter

whisper ...

soft, lingering breath of sound -
touch lightly
then
flit away
as
a caress,

leaving doubt
and
uncertainty

Beth A. Long

